marionette

that_one_urchin

Yellowjackets (TV) Complete

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Summary

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Description:

Sometimes, Shauna forgets they can have vanilla sex.

1. marionette

Sometimes, Shauna forgets they can have vanilla sex.

That might be her fault entirely — though according to the couples therapist they saw, things are usually more of an even split. *No one heals from blame,* he'd said, looking both of them purposefully in the eye, as if they were supposed to feel some grand shift or connection. ("We're not getting therapy from dollar store Lottie Matthews." Shauna muttered as soon as they were back in the too-hot elevator, jabbing her thumb at level one. Jackie chided her with an elbow to the side, *play nice,* but agreed later on, when they were curled up in bed, sheepishly admitting that his beard had freaked her out. All the grey hair and little crumbs. Things were still new then, sort of — if that word could ever really be applied — and some light kissing and cuddling was all it took to lull Jackie out of finding them another one.)

It's not that Shauna's against therapy. She's sure it helps, well, some people, but she's not sure what it's supposed to do for them. They can't really address a problem if they can't sit and say *hey, twenty years ago, we killed and ate someone*.

Several someones.

See what a conversation ender that is?

Shauna's convinced the only reason they found friends in the suburbs is because Jackie was so intent, so aggressively *worker bee,* about instating a brand new image of them as Mrs. and Mrs. Taylor. She didn't want to be seen as just the tragic girls from the plane, and Shauna wanted the fucking reporters off their lawn. So, those first few years, the Taylors carted themselves to dinner parties, potlucks, and occasionally brunch (though never to a BBQ), wearing unassuming smiles and pretending to be as normal as anyone. They even officially joined book club, which turned out to be all tittering wine moms. No one there cared about literature, much less reading the actual book, except for Shauna, who always gave Jackie a rundown of the plot. Still, they only ever skipped one meeting: Lord of the Flies.

Point is, they've been living a careful life. There will always be things that they can't tell to the neighbors or a therapist.

Like, the first time they had sex was actually in the wilderness. People hear they went to high school together and dream up ideas of them holding hands, having sexy pillow fights, whatever, but in reality, they only got off with each other in their own heads. Jeff was an unnecessary placeholder. Without him there, they were free to circle and prod one another into endless passive aggression — Jackie trying to make her jealous using random teammate of the week, Shauna silent-treatmenting in turn — which usually resulted in an argument, which always resulted in sex. Jackie beneath her, not struggling, but clawing at her face, pulling at her clothes, brazenly angry, spitting out, *fuck you, you fucking boyfriend-fucker, why did you, why, why, why,* and only calming down once Shauna got her fingers inside.

Stop it, she'd replied, smoothing out the indignant fury on Jackie's face with slow, punishing circles around her clit, looking her directly in the eye, *you know why.*

Jackie had cried.

In truth, that one image still does it for her. Jackie, her saintly little wife, coming hard and openly in the middle of the woods, her pretty sobs lost to the dirt.

Another thing Shauna won't say aloud? Sometimes, when she's fucking Jackie — really fucking her, on those long, lazy days where they thank god they don't have kids, slinking from room to room in just their underwear and bitten skin — her mind drifts back to the butcher's block. Sinking her fingers into the meat of a freshly-killed animal, still warm, still gushing life, its blood a hot wet spur on her palms. If you cut right, made everything precise, it would split even, all the muscles and tendons intact, all the moveable parts fine, a puppet-carcass she could guide. She thinks about it, too often maybe, as she massages that spongy spot inside of Jackie, the one that always makes her back arch in a silent cry. If you rub Jackie just right, she'll perform beautifully, moaning things like *yes*, *yes*, and *please* and more fuck-me babble that's hard to decipher when she breaks into that truly needy whine. Her hips buck and her body trembles and she begins to move as if pulled by invisible strings. Shauna knows her insides at least as well as she knows those of a deer or a rabbit or a bear. They really are no different from animals, when you get down to the guts of it. Who knows? Maybe they'd somehow transformed in the night.

The thought's still lodged in her head when she hears the front door open. A clumsy clattering (car keys) follows. Her chest warms ridiculously.

Jackie's home.

Shauna shuts her laptop, sliding it across the coffee table. It's not like she was getting much writing done, anyway. Technically, she should. Technically, it's her job — though all the novels on the shelves are under a pen name — but she's never been able to focus when it comes to Jackie. It all goes back to high school, to gnawed erasers and teasing skirts and wet dreams. She used to scribble Jackie's initials into the margins of her notebooks (and blot them out whenever she was mad). Somewhere, in the back of their closet, there's pages and pages of it. *J.T. and S.S., J.T. and S.S., J.T. and S.S.*

"You would not believe the line at the store." Jackie calls as she leaves the hallway, just now slipping into her vision. "It was all the way out the door. I turned right around. So, no tacos for tonight, but I can head over early tomorrow."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." She pauses, accessing Shauna. "You don't seem too put-out about it."

What's there to be put-out about? Her wife is there, chatty and flushed, returned from the day. The pink on her cheeks has bled all the way past her shirt collar, and Shauna already knows it'll taste like salt and Dior when she puts her mouth to it.

Shauna shrugs. "Should I be devastated about the taco meat?"

Jackie takes the dark eyes and indifferent tone for the signal that it is, slipping the purse from her side so her hands are free when she crosses the living room and curls right into Shauna's lap. She's more octopus than cat, arms and legs fitting to Shauna like a cast, greedy after the eight hours apart.

They've got this play down pat: Shauna tilts her head, and Jackie's already there to suck her into a kiss that's slow and automatically filthy. It's always a new conversation with their mouths, hurt or anger or love expressed in the wet, sliding rhythm. This time, Jackie skims teeth along her lip as a hello, and Shauna bites back in kind, flicking her tongue over the bloodied indent.

It never ceases to turn her on, having Jackie's blood in her mouth. Sharp and metallic — hers. She paws at the fabric between them, annoyed that it's there, struck by the irrational urge to start ripping it up like tufts of paper. There seems to be miles and miles of it. Two shirts, two pairs of jeans, and no bare skin. She tugs sharply at a hem, not subtle about it, and Jackie breathes a muffled laugh against her lips, somehow managing to peel off her top in the tangle of their kiss. Shauna moans approvingly at the escalation. Jackie isn't wearing a bra, never is.

That would've driven her mad in high school, the fact that Jackie could flounce around freely while she suffered back problems, but there's no longer a competition. If there is, it's them against the world, now. Shauna's got no more reason to brood.

She reaches up into the tight trap of their bodies until she finds what she's looking for, palms pressing flat against hardened nipples, perky breasts, the kind you only see in movies. Jackie's taken to fussing in front of the mirror after showers, convinced this or that is wrinkled or sagging, and she might be right, might be wrong, but it makes no difference either way. This is Jackie. Watch, she'll stay pretty even in the grave, impenetrable against the maggots and the rot, while Shauna decomposes next to her.

Shauna knows this, is sure she knows her in death and life and everything in-between, knows that a pinch — hard, mean — will have Jackie squirming, and it does. She presses in harder, more insistently.

"How do you want me?" Jackie doesn't pull away to speak, staying close instead, shared saliva stuck in a string between them. *Ropes or cuffs,* her eyes ask, glazed.

Shauna feels a driving thrill in her gut.

The ropes were worth every penny spent, and the handcuffs still remind her pleasantly of college, but neither of these things grab her the way the punch-drunk look on Jackie's face does. It's the willingness to give herself away: the spit, the glossy stare, the sheer *want*. Shauna's hands drift, up her shoulders, along her neck, chasing a trembling breath. Jackie sits still, eyes following those hands with a sort of helpless, keening arousal, prepared to offer up her throat.

"Just like this." Shauna whispers, punctuating the sentence with another long kiss. She uses Jackie's koala grip to her favor, rolling them over until she's on top, firmly situated in the throw pillows.

The old couch protests the act, groaning beneath the weight, but Jackie certainly doesn't, hazardously fumbling with her belt buckle. Shauna looms close, at the risk of catching an elbow to the face. She zeros in on a pale freckle marking Jackie's stomach, deciding to put her mouth on it while she waits.

"Ah!" Jackie jerks, belt half off. "That's not helping."

But she gets it in the next second, flinging it away hard, so that it goes skittering across their carpet.

“Seems like it is.” Shauna comments, still sucking leisurely, mouthing over a bare hip. She pops off once Jackie’s hands appear, shoving insistently at the top of her head, like a teenage boy trying to get lips on his cock. “You’re handsy, today.”

“You’re so freaking slow—”

“And super impatient. Not very romantic, Jackie.”

“Oh, leave it in your diary.” Jackie huffs, which has meant *shut up and fuck me* for the better part of ten years.

Shauna rolls her eyes, but she knows how to translate, and she doesn’t particularly want to wait. She likes this breathless, almost teenage haste, the rush, the hot push pull of their kisses. Wrenching the last stitches of clothing off of her legs, slinging a careless pile to the floor, and going at it freely, five feet away from where they do their dishes. It’s not something new, but it’s something good, and they’re in clear agreement. Jackie’s panting for it, as if cut open, pink and bleeding slick. Shauna tucks her face in without preamble, her tongue thrusting into the warm furl of Jackie’s slit.

“God, baby.” Jackie gasps, hips stuttering upwards. Shauna reflexively throws an arm across her midriff to anchor her back down. *Don’t move,* she pinches warningly at her left thigh. She’s exacting, fucking Jackie open with precise strokes of her tongue, the pressure hard and deliberate.

Jackie stays still, listens — likes it like this, when Shauna plucks the string just right, makes her shake and shake and come and come again and again.

Afterwards, they stay slung together for a while, a sweaty heap of limbs. They’re all skin: silky, shaved legs, sun-spotted shoulders, web of stretch marks, freckled tan. The afternoon’s dwindling light streams in through the closed window, warming their bodies in a way that’s stickily uncomfortable. Shauna tries to shift them apart, but Jackie’s hold is unwavering, unquestionable. She refuses to let her go. It’s a bit like when they were girls, and she would hook her fingers in every one of Shauna’s hair ties, leading her around, tugging if she strayed off course. *We have to stick together, Shipman,* she’d whine, *stop running away.*

Shauna’s not running anywhere this time.

She thinks: *I don’t know where you end, and I begin. I don’t think I want to know. I hope they split me open and find you on the inside.*

She thinks: *I hope your body rots into mine*.

She thinks three words that she never says to the neighbors or therapists, which are, predictably:

I love you.